THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 5, 1809.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 72.

TO THE EDITOR.

A PATRIOTIC POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE LOYAL DOCK VOLUNTEERS.

(Continued from Page 436.)

WHEN angry ocean, with convulsive roar,
Rolls forth impetuous to the circling shore,
The pensive pilgrim, unappall'd, on land
With awful pleasure views the shatter'd strand,
Where mountain waves, with headlong fury driv'n,
Burst o'er the rocks, and, foaming, mount to heaven.
Thus 'midst the rage of war Britannia smiles,
The dread of nations, and the queen of isles;
Arm'd at all points, she rears her angel-form,
And spurns the terrors of the coming storm.
Ah hapless Gallia! sport of adverse fate!
How fall'n thy fame! how shrunk thy boasted state!
Commerce no more its former wealth maintains,
No more abundance crowns thy delug'd plains;
No more at eve, beneath his native vines,
The weary swain, in bland repose, reclines;
No rural dance surrounds his peaceful door,
And mirthful music charms his ear no more.
Oppress'd—insulted—bow'd by tyrant care—
Thy rustic sons a garb of sorrow wear,

A fearful glance to future hours they cast,
And gaze, with sad regret, on pleasures past;
Little they had before their country's fall,
Now lawless bands dispoil that little all;
Lost are the friends, by early youth endear'd,
And lost—the parents, aged and rever'd;
Life is their only boast! Of that, how tir'd!
Since robb'd of all the sweets which render life desir'd!
Low in the dust contemn'd religion falls,
And desolation whelms her sacred walls;
Her massy monuments of precious ore
Are doom'd to swell a beggar'd nation's store;
And e'en the plate that shone before the Lord
Adorns some haughty chief's luxurious board.
The village-bells that once proclaim'd around,
The welcome sabbath with harmonious sound,
Are now beheld on forts and vessels rang'd,
Chang'd in their shape, as in their service chang'd,*
Prepared to hurl the deadly ball afar,
With all the thunder of tempestuous war.
Thy injur'd priests their sudden loss deplore,
And seek protection on a foreign shore;
From kindred, friends, and native country torn,
Like scatter'd flocks, dejected and forlorn;
And when, at length, abash'd at their disgrace,
Reluctant France recall'd the injur'd race,
Oh! in their breasts, what warring passions rag'd!
What hopes and fears their doubtful minds engag'd!
Conceive, awhile, (his lingering exile past)
Some wretch reviews his long-lost roof at last,
Where erst he liv'd, with every blessing stor'd
Which mutual love and social joys afford.
The tender thought adds wings to his delay,
And, like the stag, he scours the tedious way,—
Anxious, surveys the dome so lov'd before,
And sinks, exhausted, at the well-known door.
Distressing scene! No faithful wife appears,
O'ercome with joy, and whelm'd in grateful tears!
To meet their sire, no prattling children run,
Wife—children—parents—friends—and all are gone!
Dispers'd—imprison'd—murder'd—lost in shame—
Obscur'd their lineage, and forgot their name,
Unfeeling strangers harshly sound his fate,
And rudely drive him from his lost estate.
Thus oft the dove, within some shelter'd wood,
With care maternal rears her helpless brood,

'Till

* At the commencement of the revolution the church bells were melted down, and converted to cannon.

'Till truant boys the silent bow'r betray,
And bear the nest, in childish pomp, away.
At close of eve, the plunder'd bird returns,
Starts at the loss, and o'er the ruin mourns,
In pensive sorrow tunes her plaintive strain,
And grieves the more because she grieves in vain.
Alas! ill-fated France! what endless woes
Thy recent annals to the world disclose!
What streams of blood, what deeds of vengeful rage
Disgrace the records of historic page!
Once, like a garden, wash'd with vernal showers,
Rich were thy fruits, and beautiful thy flowers;
Amidst thy paths, to genius long endear'd,
The shrines of science and the muse appear'd;
But lo! thy spring is fled—the tempest burst—
Thy fruits are moulder'd—and thy flow'rs dispers'd—
Genius is vanish'd, and around her shrines
Base reptiles creep, and deadly ivy twines.
Are *these* the glories, hapless Gallia tell—
Are *these* the sweets for which such thousands fell?
Deluded nation! Mark on England's plains
True bliss prevails, and genuine freedom reigns;
Unlike the *spurious branch* thy brows display,
Here grows *the tree*, beneath religion's ray;
Its sacred boughs in rich luxuriance shoot,
Array'd in endless bloom, and constant fruit.
The famed Hesperides (by bards we're told)
Possess'd a tree, whose fruits were solid gold—
Watch'd by a dragon of enormous size,
Which Jove's* fierce offspring slew, and bore away the prize.
But who will dare *our* guarded tree arrest?
More dear than gold to every Briton's breast!
No earthly power! Its loss we need not fear,
Since *every patriot* proves *a dragon* here!

(To be concluded in my next number.)

ORIGIN *of* SHAKESPEARE's TAMING *the* SHREW.

[From an Italian Novelist.]

THE commentators on Shakespeare seem puzzled to find the origin, whence that poet has drawn the idea of his "Taming the Shrew." That other plays had been written before, with nearly the same plot, their researches have proved. It is now some years since I pointed out the following story

* Hercules.

from " *Le piacevole Notte di Giovano Francesco Strapparola,*" an Italian novelist, which probably furnished the hint of one part of " Taming the Shrew."

The sage and experienced physician, when he discovers a disease in the human body, avails himself of what seems to him the most proper remedies for its immediate cure; but if he wait 'till the disorder is grown old and inveterate, he will find it much more difficult, and indeed impracticable; for which reason, a wise and prudent husband should, when he marries, check any inclination in his wife to a love of dominion; as such an evil propensity, if allowed once to take root, he will never be able to eradicate, and it will make him miserable all the rest of his life, as was experienced by a soldier of whom we have to speak.

In Corneto, a castle and fortress of Tuscany, of the patrimony of St. Peter, there were two brothers, who, from their youth had entertained the strongest regard for each other; one was named Pizardo, the other Silverio; but although their fraternal affection was mutual, they neither lodged in one house, nor eat and slept together.

It happened that Silverio, the youngest, without saying a word to any of his comrades, except his brother, married a taylor's daughter; she was handsome and genteel, but full of levity, unsteady, and never at rest; fond of holiday making, and extravagant to the highest degree; careless of economy, unwilling to miss either feast or procession; in short she was always at the door, the window, or in the street.

When the wedding was over, Silverio carried his wife home, and became, anew, so enamoured of her beauty and sprightliness, that he pronounced, that the world did not contain such another paragon of beauty; and, from the excess of his love, he was induced to comply with all her wishes, and at length nothing was done in his house that Espinela (so she was called) did not command. Hence she became so absolute a mistress, and so shameless, at length she began to slight her husband, and all his affairs; and the poor man was reduced to such subjection, that when he desired his servants to do any thing, she commanded them to disobey him; and Silverio, who only saw through Espinela's eyes, instead of reproving, or endeavouring to remedy so obstinate an evil, humbly resigned the bridle to her, and allowed her to act according to her own fancy.

In less than a year after Silverio's marriage, Pisardo was united to Espinela's sister, a young girl, named Florella, who was neither less handsome, nor less genteel, than her sister. The nuptials over, he carried her home; and on the same day, he took a pair of very rich velvet breeches, and two cudgels, and addressed his spouse in the following manner:—

" Florella,

" Florella, my dear, these as you see, clearly, are men's breeches, do you take hold of one side of them, and I will of the other; with the other hand, grasp this cudgel, and I will do the same; we will then fight 'till one is acknowledged conqueror; whoever conquers, shall be the master, and shall wear these breeches; the vanquished shall be for life humble, and obedient to the victor."

Florella remained for some time motionless, so surprised was she at her husband's strange discourse; but at length, recovering her spirits, of which her fright had deprived her, she replied, " Alas! my Pisardo, what is the meaning of all this? are you not the husband, my lord, and master, who has a right to claim duty and obedience from me, and all my household? I am the wife, obedient to your will and command. Is not the precept and law of our high and mighty creator, consented to by all the female race? How, my Lord, can I act thus? Am I privileged above the rest of my sex? Take your breeches then, Pisardo; wear them, since they are your's, and it is you alone they fit. The field remains your's without a combat; I acknowledge you the conqueror, and myself vanquished. I also acknowledge myself a woman, which name contains all the properties of subjection; and I humbly submit myself to you with pleasure."

" Florella," replied Pisardo, " I am extremely pleased to find that you acknowledge all that I desire of you; but I do not implicitly confide in your constancy, since you are, as you say, a woman, which name comprehends so many qualities; but I advise you not to alter your mind; if you do not, although you have promised obedience, and acknowledged me for your master, I will serve you, and treat you with the greatest kindness."

Florella very prudently confirmed all that had been said; her husband immediately delivered up to her the keys of all his coffers, and gave her directions how to manage. He then said, " Florella, come with me, I wish to shew you my horses, that, in my absence, you may know how they should be treated." When they came to the door of the stable, Pisardo said, " What do you think, my dear, of my horses, are not they beautiful and well kept?" " Indeed," answered she, " they are very fine, and in excellent order." " But, observe above all," said Pisardo, " how ready, light, and well-managed they are;" and whipping first one, then the other, he cried, " Cross over there! come here!" The horses, fearful of chastisement, immediately obeyed their master. Amongst these horses, Pisardo had one, more beautiful to appearance than the others; but so malicious, and so little to be depended upon, that he did not value him at all. He went up to him, with the whip in hand, and slashing him, cried out, " Come,

stop;

stop; go on!" but the horse, being naturally vicious, received blows, and returned kicks. Seeing the obstinacy of the horse, Pisardo took a cudgel and laid it on him, 'till he fell; when he saw him on the ground, he came up to him and said, "Get up, Troy," but instead of obeying him, the horse, in a rage, attacked him in the leg, and bit him violently; upon which Pisardo drew his sword, and stabbed him.

When Florella saw the horse dead, melting into tears, "Good God!" said she, "is it possible, Pisardo, you can have the heart to kill so fine an animal?" Pisardo, stifling the pain occasioned by the bite, replied, "Know, my Florella, that all who eat my bread, and do not what I command them, I serve in this manner, even should I love and esteem them more than I do you" This retort grieved Florella very much, and she said to herself, "Alas! unhappy creature that I am, to be united to a man so violent and so passionate. I thought I had a husband both steady and prudent; but I have bestowed my hand on a madman. See, for what a trifling offence he has killed this beautiful horse, the best he has." She said this, ignorant of the cause that had made Pisardo act thus; and ever after she trembled, if he evinced the smallest sign of displeasure; so that there was nothing to be heard in their house, but a yes and a no. Perpetual concord!

Silverio, who loved his brother very much, visited him often, and saw the good behaviour and virtuous obedience of Florella. He reflected within himself, "Good God! why have I not deserved a wife as obedient as Florella? She governs, commands, and directs every thing, at the pleasure of her husband. How obedient, virtuous, and polite she is in every thing she says and does to him; with how much love she serves and obeys him; how different to my wife! She, on the contrary, is my most mortal enemy."

One day, when the brothers were talking together, Silverio said to Pisardo, "Brother, I have no occasion to mention our fraternal affection, or any other preamble; I shall, therefore, only intreat you as a brother, to tell me, how you have managed to bring your wife into such good order. She is truly a saint; she obeys you in every thing; while Espinela, my wife, is not to be restrained either by love or fear. She answers me, flies at me, curses me; in a word, she has her own will in every thing."

Pisardo, smiling, gave his brother a detail of all his proceedings the day that he brought Florella home. This plan pleased Silverio so much, that he resolved immediately to put it into execution; accordingly, as soon as he went home, he called his wife, and said to her, "Madam, bring out of the trunk the best pair of breeches I have," and while she was gone to fetch them, he procured two cudgels. When Espinela

nela returned, " Heigh day!" cried she, " what is the matter now, Mr. Silverio? Is the moon at the full, or is your judgment in the wane? Are you as mad this week as you were sullen last? Very well, go on, you begin finely. Do not we all know that men wear breeches? Is that any reason that you should lose your senses?" Silverio answered nothing to all this, but proceeded to give her orders for the management of his house. To which Espinela replied, sneeringly, " Do you think, Mr. Silverio, I have lived so long without knowing how to manage my own house? I wonder how you dare to tutor me at this time of the day." Silverio said not a word to all this, but led her by the hand to his stables, where he acted in the same manner, towards one of his best horses, as his brother had done, killing him outright in his wife's presence. At the sight of Silverio's rage, Espinela, thinking him mad, cried out, " What have you really had the misfortune to lose your senses? What is the meaning of all these fine doings, without rhyme or reason?" " I am not mad," replied Silverio, gravely, " nor do I act madly; know Madam, and be assured, that whoever eats my bread, must be obedient to me, or I shall serve them thus." " You are to be pitied, indeed," rejoining Espinela, " if you set about reforming now a-days. What did the horse do to you, that you should kill it so unreasonably? Was it not the finest horse in the service of the pope? Do not you consider that you have lost your horse, your consequence, and your peace? I suppose another day you will feel inclined to serve me in the same way, if I do not take good care to prevent you. But undeceive yourself, your madness will avail you little. I see your design clearly; but it is all too late. And now what have you got by this fine day's work, except reproach to your judgment, shame to your honour, and the scorn of all who shall hear of your follies?"

When Silverio had heard his wife's long lecture, and gathered from it that there were no signs of amendment, he determined that since neither love nor fear could curb her pride, to bear it patiently, 'till death should put an end to his troubles. Thenceforward, the obstinate Espinela behaved worse than ever, as poor Silverio was obliged to give her liberty to do any thing she pleased, to procure himself a moment's comfort!

Memoir of the Life of that distinguished Ornament to Society, the late Lord Gardenstone.

[From the third Volume of his Travelling Memorandums.]

FRANCIS GARDEN, the subject of this memoir, was born in the year 1721. His father was —— Garden, of Troup, an opulent landholder in Aberdeenshire.

After passing through the usual course of liberal education, at the school, and the university, he betook himself to the study of law, for his profession. In the year ——, he was admitted a member of the faculty of advocates, and called to the Scottish bar.

In his practice as an advocate, he soon began to be distinguished, by a strong native rectitude of understanding, by that vivacity of apprehension and imagination, which is commonly denominated genius; by manly candour in argument, often more persuasive than subtlety and sophistical artifice; by powers which, with diligence, might easily attain to the highest eminence of the profession. But, the same strength, openness, and ardour of mind, which distinguished him so advantageously among the pleaders at the bar, tended to give him a fondness for the gay enjoyments of convivial intercourse, which was unfavourable to his progress in juridical erudition. Shining in the social and convivial circle, he became less solicitously ambitious than he might otherwise have been, of the character of an eloquent advocate, or a profound and learned lawyer. The vivacity of his genius was averse from austere and plodding study; while it was captivated by the fascinations of polite learning, and of the fine arts. Nor did he always escape those excesses in the pursuit of pleasure, into which the temptations of opening life, are apt occasionally to seduce the most liberal and ingenuous youth. But his chearful conviviality, his wit, humour, taste, good-nature, and benevolence of heart, rendered him the delight of all his acquaintance.

At length, the worth of his character, and his ability as a lawyer, recommended him to the office of a judge, in the courts of session and justiciary; the supreme judicatures, civil and criminal, for Scotland. His place in the court of session he continued to occupy 'till his death; but had, some years before, resigned the office of a commissioner of justiciary. Clear discernment, strong good sense, conscientious honesty, and amiable benevolence, remarkably distinguished all his opinions and conduct as a judge.

We, not unfrequently, see the gay young men of the present age, to turn, as they advance towards middle life, from the headlong pursuit of pleasure, to a sordid and contracted selfishness, which excludes even those few good qualities that seemed to accompany their first thoughtless days. Their life is divided between sensuality, and that anxious inhumane avarice and ambition, whose ultimate object is to provide gratifications to sensuality and pride. The kindling light of rectitude, and the first sparks of generous humanity, are extinguished in their breasts, as soon as those ebullitions of youthful passion and inexperience are over, by which the useful ef-

ficiency of their early good qualities was prevented. Hardly have they become tolerably well acquainted with mankind, when the milk of human kindness is turned into gall and venom in their hearts.

It was far otherwise with Lord Gardenstone. As he advanced in years, humanity, taste, public spirit, became still more and more eminently the predominant principles in his mind. He pitied the condition of the peasantry, depressed rather by their ignorance of the most skilful modes of labour, and by their remoteness from the sphere of improvement, than by any tyranny or extortion of their landlords. He admired, protected, and cultivated the polite arts. He was the ardent votary of political liberty, and friendly to every thing that promised a sensible amelioration of public œconomy, and of the principles of government.

In the year 1762, he purchased the estate of Johnston, in the county of Kincardine. Within a few years after, he began to attempt a plan of the most liberal improvement of the value of this estate, by an extension of the village of Laurencekirk, adjoining. He offered leases of small farms, and of ground for building upon, which were to last for the term of one hundred years, and of which the conditions were extremely inviting, to the labourers and tradesmen of the surrounding country. These offers were eagerly listened to. More desirous to make the attempt beneficial to the country, than to derive profit from it to himself; he was induced, within a few years, to reduce his ground rents to one-half of the original rate. Weavers, joiners, shoe-makers, and other artisans, in a considerable number, resorted to settle in the rising village. His lordship's earnestness for the success of his project, and to promote the prosperity of the good people whom he had received under his protection, led him to engage in several undertakings, by the failure of which he incurred considerable losses. Projects of a printfield, and of manufactures of linen, and of stockings, attempted with sanguine hopes, in the new village, and chiefly at his Lordship's risk and expence, misgave in such a manner, as might well have finally disgusted a man of less steady and ardent philanthrophy, with every such engagement. But the village still continued to advance. It grew up under his lordship's eye, and was the favourite object of his care. In the year 1779, he procured it to be erected into a burgh of barony; having a magistracy, an annual fair, and a weekly market. He provided in it a good inn, for the reception of travellers; and with an uncommon attention to the entertainment of the guests who might resort to it, furnished this inn with a library of books, for their amusement. He invited an artist for drawing, from the continent, to settle at Laurencekirk. He had the pleasure of seeing a considerable

linen-manufacture, at length fixed in it. A bleachfield was also established, as a natural counterpart to the linen-manufacture. Before his lordship's death, he saw his plan of improving the condition of the labourers, by the formation of a new village at Laurencekirk, crowned with success, beyond his most sanguine hopes. He has acknowledged with an amiable frankness, in a memoir concerning this village, printed at the end of the first volume of these memorandums; "That he had tried in some measure, a variety of the pleasures which mankind pursue, but never relished any so much as the pleasure arising from the progress of his village."

In the year ——, upon the death of his elder brother, Lord Gardenstone succeeded to the possession of the family estates, which were very considerable. Until this time his lordship's income had never been more than adequate to the liberal expence into which his rank and the generosity of his nature, unavoidably led him. But the addition of a fortune of about five thousand pounds a year, to his former revenue, gave him the power of performing many acts of beneficence with which he could not before gratify his good heart. It was happy, likewise, that his succession to this ample income, at a period when the rigour of his constitution was rapidly yielding to the infirmities of old age, enabled him to seek relief, by a partial cessation from business, by travel, and by other means, which would not have been easily compatible with the previous state of his fortune.

In the month of September, in the year 1786, he set out from London for Dover, and passed over into France. After visiting Paris, he proceeded to Provence, and spent the winter months in the genial climate of Hyeres. In the spring of 1787, he returned northwards, visiting Geneva, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and the Dutch provinces; and passing through Germany into Italy. With a fond curiosity, attentive alike to the wonders of nature, to the noble monuments of the arts, and to the awful remains of ancient grandeur, with which Italy abounds, he visited all its great cities, and surveyed almost every remarkable and famous scene that it exhibits.

His first object in these travels, was to obtain the restoration of his declining health by the influence of a milder climate, by gentle, continued, and varied exercise; by that pleasing exhilaration of the temper and spirits, which is the best medicine to health, and is most successfully produced by frequent change of place, and of the objects of attention. But the curiosities of nature and art, in those countries through which he travelled, could not fail to attract, in a powerful manner, the curiosity of a mind cultivated and ingenious as his. He, whose breast glowed with the most ardent philanthrophy, could not view the varied works and manners of a diversity of nations of

his

his fellow men, without being deeply interested by all those circumstances which might appear to mark their fortunes as happy or wretched. He eagerly collected specimens of the spars, the shells, the strata of rocks, and the veins of metals, in the several countries through which he passed. He amassed also cameos, medals, and paintings. He enquired into science, literature, and local institutions. He wrote down his observations from time to time, not indeed with the minute care of a pedant, or the ostentatious labour of a man travelling with a design to publish an account of his travels, but simply to aid memory and imagination, in the future remembrance of objects useful or agreeable.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Description of a singular Species of Ape, called the "Entellus."

By Dupresne, Zoologist to the Museum of Natural History.

THE animals most worthy of our admiration are doubtless those which appear to participate the most of our nature; and it has already been remarked with great propriety, that for this reason the savages, insensible to the grand views of nature, indifferent to all her wonders, were however, seized with astonishment at the sight of apes and perroquets; the apes on account of their exterior affinity to man, and the perroquets because of their imitation of speech appeared to them singular beings, and superior to the rest of animals; merely because they enjoyed attributes somewhat approaching to human.

Placed in the lowest state of human nature from the defect of civilisation, and from an inconceivable indifference about his intelligence, a savage might easily recognise his image in the conformation of apes; he might think that animals which like him had the use of their hands, which walked on two feet, which resembled him in the face, which were without a tail, &c. &c. he might think that these beings, all whose actions are derived from a great conformity of organisation, were of his species: hence, in all countries, the inhabitants of which are not far removed from a state of nature, they give to many species of ape the name of man. If they perceived any thing less noble, and even a little approaching to the brute in these creatures, they contented themselves with distinguishing them by the name of the wild man, or man of the woods. This conformity of organisation is so remarkable, that our travellers have not been able to avoid following the opinions of the savages, and adopting their nomenclature with regard to some apes: an opinion so extraordinary gave the alarm to philosophers and naturalists.

Listening at first only to the voice of prejudice, or of a deranged imagination, the one have endeavoured to prove that, between the orang outangs and man, there are, even in their conformation, many differences; but they have proved it badly; the others, on the contrary, behold so few, and so unimportant differences, that they do not hesitate to consider the orang outang as a man degenerated.

In the midst of these exaggerated opinions, it appears evident to an observer free from prejudices, that the species of apes forms a link, which, in considering man only in respect to organization, approximates and places him among the mammiferi; and that the genus of orang outangs, such as they have been fixed by Cuvier and Geoffroi, is another link which almost connects man intimately with the other apes, but at the same time (which is consolatory to our self-love) it may be perceived that the total form of man does not exist at once in any of these animals in particular, though it appears certain that the human attributes have been in part appropriated to some apes, and even in some manner distributed among many.

Thus the orang outang (simia satyrus) has the head nearly similar to that of the negro; his forehead is also convex, a character of great importance, since it modifies the skull, and appears for this reason to give more energy to the intelligence of their species; its muzzle is not much elongated in front, since in this respect there is less difference between the orang outang and the negro, than between this last and a European.

Camper, who has strictly defined the degree of elongation in the mouth of this species, was convinced that the facial angle, or that angle which comprehends the face and the palate, was in the orang outang 65 degrees; that this same angle was 70 in the negro and 80 in the European.

But nature has not permitted that this orang outang should be exactly similar to us; his hind legs are excessively long, his os calcis* does not touch the ground in all its parts; he walks or rather runs upon the inward edge of his feet. However, let us look upon other species of apes, we shall find that what is wanting in this one to render it perfectly similar to man is to be found in others. The orang outang of Buffon, or the jocko (simia traglodites) has the air of man, the arms of the same proportion; he walks the same on the sole of his feet; but his forehead is much more depressed and falling more behind.

The orang outang, or pongo of Wurmb, which Professor Geoffroy considers as a new species, has the os calcis, &c. as a man

* This is the heelbone, or bone of the tarsus, lying under the astragi, and is united to them by the jointing called gynglymus.

man. For some time anatomists have thought that the human species alone had a vermicular appendage to the cæcum; the examination of orang outangs has proved them to be in this respect the same as man.

In elevating to a similitude with us, so great a number of animals, nature has doubtless intended to inform us, that our form was not the most eminent, nor the most essential attribute that we enjoyed; and that we can only feel a just pride from the exercise of that intelligence which establishes between us and the brutes an immense interval.

The details into which I have entered prove, in my opinion, that we ought not to neglect any facts in the history of apes, and that we cannot too much nor too attentively examine every species, and bring forward those which have escaped the notice of naturalists, since it is the only method of attaining to appreciate justly the differences between the human form and that of animals.

I shall now present a description of a very uncommon ape, which forms a part of my collection, and which I do not remember to have seen any where described. I shall denominate and particularize it as follows:

Simia entellus.*

Candâ elongatâ, corpore obscurè stramineo, palmis plantisque nigris, natibus calvis.

Habitat in Bengala.

"A very long tail, the body a dull white or dirty straw-colour; the hands and the feet black; callosities on the rump. It comes from Bengal."

The entellus belongs to that generic division which Professors Geoffroy and Cuvier acknowledge under the name of monkeys, and to which ascribe as characteristic, a short muzzle; facial angle 50 degrees and more; the head a little flat, a little prominent, five dentes molares, &c.

It is with the douc (simia nemæus) that the entellus appears to have the greatest affinity, and it is after this that it should be placed in systematic works.

* This ape is very much like an old athlete, on account of his white hair and his black hands, as it were covered with his leaden girdle. Entellus was a hero in single combat, whom Virgil has much praised in the 5th book of his Eneid.

FATE *of the* CREW *of the* BOUNTY.

AS what became of Christian and his companions was never before ascertained, we are glad of the opportunity of

of presenting to our readers the following interesting article on that subject:—

Extract from the Log-Book of Captain Folger, of the American Ship Topaz, of Boston.

(COPY.)

Volparaiso, October 10, 1808.

Captain Folger relates, upon landing upon Pitcairn's island (or Incarnation of Quiros,) in lat. 25 deg. 2 min. long. 130 deg. by lunar observation, he found there an Englishman by the name of Alexander Smith, the only person remaining of nine, that escaped in his Majesty's late ship Bounty, Captain W. Bligh.

Smith relates, that after putting Captain Bligh in the boat, Christian, the leader of the mutiny, took the command of the ship, and went to Otaheite, where great part of the crew left the ship, except himself, Smith, and seven others, who each took wives, and six Otaheitan men as servants, and shortly arrived at this island, where they run the ship on shore, and broke her up. This event took place in the year 1790. About four years after their arrival (a great jealousy existing) the Otaheitans secretly revolted, and killed every Englishman except himself, whom they severely wounded in the neck with a pistol ball. The same night the widows of the deceased Englishmen rose, and put to death the whole of the Otaheitans, leuving Smith the only man alive upon the island, with eight or nine women, and several small children. He, when he recovered, applied himself to tilling the ground, so that it now produces plenty of yams, cocoa nuts, bananas and plaintains, hogs and poultry in abundance.

There are now some grown up men and women, children of the mutineers on this island, the whole population amounting to 35, who acknowledge Smith as father and commander of them all; they all speak English, and have been educated by him, Captain Folger represents, in a religious and moral way.

The second mate of the Topaz asserts, that Christian, the ringleader, became insane shortly after their arrival on the island, and threw himself off the rocks into the sea; another died of a fever, before the massacre took place.

The island is badly supplied with water, sufficient only for the present inhabitants, and no anchorage. Smith gave to Captain Folger a chronometer made by Kendall, which was taken from him by the governor of Juan Fernandez.

WM. FITZMAURICE, Lieutenant.

Extracted September 29, 1808.

CURES *of* CONFIRMED CATARACTS.

To the Editor.

Sir,

IT may be chearing information to the domestic circle of some of your readers, who are experiencing the melancholy infirmity of a decaying sight, occasioned by that disorder of the humours in the eye, which renders the pupil more and more opake, 'till a thin film seals up the sight, and becomes what in surgery is denominated a confirmed cataract—that they have no cause to despair, however far advanced in age. Such is the perfection to which the operation of extracting the cataract has been carried in recent times, and such is the exquisite skill and touch of the hand of the dexterous oculist.

About two years ago, a great oculist extracted the cataract from one eye of the father of the present writer; the patient, of a hale and sound constitution, was verging towards his eightieth year. He saw after the operation; no unusual case even when, as in the present, inflammation followed, and all vision became extinct. How this happened, whether from the want of steadiness in the hand of the veteran operator, or from a want of prudence in performing the operation at a distance from the metropolis, and himself permitting the attendance of a medical man, may perhaps be understood by some, who can trace the present appearance of that eye. This circumstance is mentioned as a caution, that no other person than the oculist himself be suffered to interfere; and that the operation may not be done at an inconvenient distance, so that the progress of the eye may be sedulously watched.

It was therefore with abated courage, and failing hope, that the patient ventured to undergo the same operation on his single eye, which was now closed in utter darkness. It succeeded! At the fourth day he distinguished the minutes on a watch-dial, and could read small print; within a fortnight he amused himself at card-playing; and now, after a month has elapsed, may make every sober use of his eye.

The operation is simple, attended with the slightest pain, that of a mere puncture; and does not last more than three minutes. I can give a notion of its shortness, by an anecdote furnished me by a friend of the late Mr. Draper, the husband of Sterne's Eliza. On his return from India, blind with cataracts, and shaken in every nerve by the hostile climate, having resolved to undergo this operation, he wanted a firm mind. At the mere touch of the hand, the agitated and terrified man fainted. It was during the swoon the operation

was

was performed; and when he recovered he saw once more that world which he seemed for ever to have quitted!

A similar case to the first has come under my observation, in the person of a respectable clergyman, also about the age of eighty. He underwent the operation in both eyes, the shortness of which surprised as much as delighted. He declared it was without pain. The village pastor has reascended his pulpit, and reads his MS. sermons with a facility he has not enjoyed for many preceding years.

It is a mere act of humanity due to some who are afflicted by this melancholy disorder, to give them every chearful hope, and to shew the ease with which they may promise themselves a perfect recovery; and it is a mere act of justice to inform the afflicted that the operator in both these cases was Mr. Wathen Phipps, whose zealous humanity excites the gratitude of his opulent patient, not less than of those who receive gratuitously from his hand a gift which would be worthy of Heaven itself to bestow on them.

Your's, &c.

Z.

LITERARY COMPOSITION.

THE following observations are the production of a sensible critic, (Charpentier) and may serve as a supplement to an article under this head; in Curiosities of Literature, vol. 2, page 443, fifth edition.

The greater number of authors are never contented with their own works: they must change and give a new turn to all they do, however good it may be; the first, is never the good thought; it is that which has undergone many and severe corrections; like the Emperor Heliogabulus, who judged of the excellence of a dish by the exorbitance of its price, they only esteem that which has cost them much labour and trouble. In truth, genius does not owe this kind of people many obligations; for, rejecting all that it offers willingly, they only like what they are obliged to draw out with violence; or, if we may use the expression, with the rack and the torture. Quintilian relates a bon-mot, that Florus said to a young man who was inclined that way. Finding him one day in great grief, he asked him the cause of it; and the young man frankly acknowledged to him, that he had been three days seeking for an exordium to a discourse, and that he was now quite in despair, at not having been able to find any thing that pleased him. Is it not, returned Florus, smiling, because you wish to do better than you can? There is certainly a great deal of presumption in this difficult disposition. We reject every

thing, because we think every thing unworthy of us; and we act in nearly the same manner as those ladies, who never think that their portraits resemble them, because they think themselves more beautiful than any that can be drawn for them. It often happens, that from self-love, and not from want of knowledge, we have so many faults in our works. Poets and painters, particularly, are liable to have too much affection for their own productions; and to alter any of them, is to them a most painful operation. A poet will clearly see that a thought which struck him, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, is not just, or that it does not suit his subject; but there will be something brilliant in it which pleases him, and which makes him desire to preserve it. He wavers, and reason puts the pen in his hand to suppress it; but he is immediately softened, and self-love easily obtains grace for it.

Seneca has preserved an example of an author's tenderness in the person of Ovid. Some of his friends having advised him to repress in his works, two or three of his verses, which did not do him much credit, he consented to it upon condition, that they should find no fault with three verses that he was going to write, privately begging them at the same time to write down those verses they had wished to have omitted. Having agreed to these conditions, he found that the three verses his friends had condemned, were the very same for which he had obtained grace; and he declared to them, says Seneca, that he was not ignorant of their defects, but that he could not dislike them. I am astonished that a man who burnt the fifteen books of the Metamorphoses, with a design to suppress them, could be so difficult for three verses.

The eyes of the vulgar frequently see what escapes those of the learned. It is said of Malherbe, that he consulted the ear of an old domestic; the same circumstance is related of Moliere. Every one knows the esteem of Apelles for the judgement of the people, which he evinced by exposing his finest works to their criticisms, and by sometimes adopting their opinions.

Annibal Caracci often declared, that he had learned to judge of two pictures of the martyrdom of St. Andrew, which Albano and Domenichino had painted to rival each other, from an old woman who stopped for some time, with her daughter, to look at the picture of Domenichino, and who afterwards passed silently before that of Albano. The excellent works are those which immediately strike, and which are directed to the heart.

The uncultivated mind, though it has not the advantages of education, generally expresses its real opinions, unbiassed by fashion, and uninfluenced by literary partizans.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. Melhuish's Enigma, inserted the 27th of March.

WHEN little Cupid throws two pointed darts,
And wounds, with mutual love, congenial hearts,
If Hymen's band unite their hands and fate,
What happiness attends the marriage state!

‡ Similar answers have been received from T. Pearse, and S. Palmer, of Chard; H. B. of Bridgewater; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; J. Woodman, of North Curry; G. Pearse, near Bodmin; S. M. Carveth, of Helligan; R. Sibly, of Roach; W. Kent, near Camelford; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. W. of Charmouth; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; and J. P. of Tiverton

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Answer, by L. N. to J. A. Dyer's Anagram, inserted April 10.

BARLEY, that very useful grain,
I judge your meaning will explain.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; T. Pearse, S. Backaller, and S. Palmer, of Chard; J. Melhuish, Honiton; G. Pearse, of Bodmin; J. Woodman, of North Curry; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; J. Kerby, of Helston; and William Kent, near Camelford.

An ANAGRAM, *by J. French, at Evershot School.*

A Verb if you transpose with care,
Part of yourself will then appear.

A REBUS, *by J. Ball, at Evershot School.*

A Space of time first bring to mind;
A child unlucky next pray find;
A pleasant season of the year;
A Turkish priest must next appear;
A summer fruit will form the rear;
Take the initials, join the same,
A pleasing science you will name.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

AT me the miser, as he counts his gold,
Oft startles back, and nearly quits his hold;
Not him alone I fill with dread affright,
But eke the school-boy, wand'ring in the night;
When fancy paints to him each tree or post
The ghastly image of some pale-fac'd ghost;
What sudden tremour in his face he feels,
When whistling loud, and trusting to his heels,
With rapid speed he hastens o'er the road,
That quickly leads him home to his abode.
Yet true it is, I've neither power nor skill,
Nor strength sufficient in myself to kill.
Another hint, and then I'll say no more,
What I am now I was in days of yore;
And still for ever must the same remain,
When all creation shall be rent in twain.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE TO MODESTY.

OH friend of beauty and of love!
Whose blushing cheeks and downcast eyes,
The most unfeeling bosom move,
The best-defended heart surprize;
Thy simple vest of snowy white,
Thy woven wreath of vi'lets blue,
Are far more lovely in my sight,
Than di'mond sparkling crowns, or robes of crimson hue.

Thy pow'r exalts the virgin's charms,
Gives to her ev'ry act a grace,
Enraptures in her soft alarms,
Her panting breast, her rosy face;
Far from the rude, tumultuous throng,
With merit thou dost love to stray,
Thro' solemn, silent groves along,
Whose twining boughs exclude pride's glaring, sick'ning ray.

Lines on William Sommers, an aged Person, of Bremhill, in Wiltshire.

[From the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Poems.]

WHEN will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs,
Oh aged man? Thy sand is almost run,
And many a year, in vain, to meet the sun,
Thine eyes have roll'd in darkness: want and cares
Have been thy visitants from morn to morn.
While, trembling on existence, thou dost live,
Accept what human charity can give;
But standing thus, time palsied, and forlorn,
Like a scath'd oak, of all its boughs bereft,
God and the grave are thy best refuge left.

When the bells rung, and summer's smiling ray
Welcom'd again the merry Whitsuntide,
And all my humble villagers were gay,
I saw thee sitting on the highway side,
To feel once more the warm sun's blessed beam:
Didst thou then think upon thy own gay prime,
On such a holiday, and the glad time
When thou wert young and happy, like a dream
Now perish'd? No; the murmur'd prayer alone
Rose from the trembling lips towards the Throne
Of Mercy; that ere spring return'd again,
And the long winter blew its dreary blast,
To sweep the verdure from the faded plain,
Thy burthen would be dropt, thy sorrows past!

Oh blind and aged man! bow'd down with cares,
When will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs?

Reflections

Reflections on hearing the Bell toll for the Funeral of a very amiable and much lamented Lady, January, 1809.

HARK! what a mournful, solemn sound,
Rolls murmuring thro' the cloudy air!
It strikes the soul with awe profound,
Affects the gay, alarms the fair.
With what a pathos does it speak!

Affecting deep the thoughtful mind;
The golden schemes of folly break,
That hold in glitt'ring snares mankind.

'Tis death's dread herald calls aloud,
Proclaims his conquest thro' the skies:
The sun retires behind a cloud,
And nature seem'd to sympathize.

It is not hoary, tottering age
That now lies stretch'd beneath his stroke,
The tyrant stern that feels his rage,
Th' oppressor's rod that now is broke.

'Tis female excellence, 'tis Rosa's bell!
Fall'n in her prime of youthful bloom:
For Rosa sounds the doleful knell,
And calls her to the silent tomb.

But Rosa's virtues ne'er can die,
They leave a grateful, rich perfume;
And now transplanted to the sky,
In Heav'n's immortal gardens bloom!

THE SENSES.—TO OLIVIA.

I *Read* it in that ardent look,
Where lingering hope in ambush lies;
The impassion'd heart's expressive book,
Writ in the language of the eyes.

I *felt* it in that trembling hand,
As mine it press'd with magic touch;
Swift thro' my veins, at love's command,
It flew, and told my heart too much.

I *heard* it o'er that burning lip,
In fervid sighs the soul exhale;
In nectar that I lov'd to sip,
In sighs I languish'd to inhale.

I *saw* it in the struggling tear;
When love with duty fiercely strove;
I fondly kiss'd a gem so dear,
Tho' rigid duty frown on love.

Mr. S. WHYTE's ADDRESS *to* CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA this morning clasp'd her friend—
A chosen, try'd, and true one;
But see how Cynthia's friendships end,
To night she sports a new one.

Why are you with gay Cynthia vex'd?
In spite of art and fashion,
Is she not constant to her text?
Variety's her passion.